

# What I love about W&M

By Karla Kraynak Bruno

ARLINGTON

Though I have often wished — publicly, vociferously, and repeatedly — that her leadership would steer a steady course of transparency and accountability, I have always been proud to have both a bachelor's and a master's of education degree from the College of William & Mary on my wall.

Here's a snippet from my list of what I love about the college.

**Swem Library Special Collections.** Take a gander at the Marischal Mace and the spectacular dangling modifiers worn by officials during commencement.

Ask to peruse original student handbooks, catalogs, letters, artifacts, photographs, illustrations, monographs, texts and the 700 documents to or by Mr. Jefferson. If you would rather view them from home, check out the digital archives.

The staff, the stuff, the searches: It's all good, good, good.

**Campus Ministry.** I was a member of the Catholic Campus Ministry when it first started. We were a modest sized group, full of Vatican II joy and inspiration. At last count, one-third of the college's undergraduates are self-described Catholics. Masses today are filled to overflowing with students, faculty, and locals. Gown-Town relations at its finest.

**Colonial Williamsburg.** One of the great traditions for W&M students is the privilege of working at one of the world's premier living history museums, earning the money to pay the next tuition bill.

Waiters at King's Arms, balladeers at Chowning's, and costumed interpreters in the Palace. Wythe House kitchens

or the Capitol were the standard CW student jobs 30 years ago.

What a joy to have spent my summers in a red gown with side hoops, sharing with visitors that the floorboards are original in Wetherburn's; that Phi Beta Kappa started at the Raleigh in 1776 as a secret

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drinking society; that the correct name is "The College of William and Mary in Virginia" not "The College of Mary and Joseph"; and that we dressed like regular people in our off-hours.

**Sororities.** To this day, 30-odd-years later, some of my favorite people are my Kappa Delta sisters, having pledged eternal friendship in the Great Hall, boogied through the disco era, and shared joy and heartache from adolescence through our middle ages.

Throw in Pledge Dances, Porch Routines during Rush, and Derby Day, where cold beer flowed from a tap attached to the side of a refrigerated truck on Yates Field and all the sororities competed in a day of races, pyramids, stunts, and sisterly cheers to raise money for charity, and you will understand why I recall my sorority days with deep affection.

**Courses.** Memorable classes from back in the day: Dr. Savage's Shakespeare, American History of any kind, Dr. Johnson's "Rocks for Jocks" (Geology 101), French Lit with Monsieur Coke, any class with Mark Gulesian, and having an English class every semester for four years in the Wren Building.

**The Great Hall.** The acoustical and visual charm of the Great Hall on a late afternoon in winter is hypnotic. Simply recalling the Botetourt Chamber Singers' perform-

ance of the Alma Mater in the Great Hall turns me to mush.

**Wren Chapel.** A 313-year-old Christian Chapel, atop many prestigious Virginian Christian burials, the Wren Chapel is sacred and secure. Open for quiet prayer, contemplation, and weddings, its elegant interior is a joy to behold. Beauty, serenity, and faith in one convenient spot — a historic setting that is a historical treasure.

And last, but never least:

**Our Alma Mater.** All four verses plus chorus, in harmony, audience participation required, preferably in the Wren Chapel or Great Hall, but anywhere, any time will do. And I always need a hanky.

William and Mary Alma Mater by James Southall Wilson (Class of 1904):

*"Hark! the students' voices swelling, Strong and true and clear:*

*"Alma Mater's love they're telling, Ringing far and near."*

*Chorus:*

*"William and Mary loved of old, Hark upon the gale,*

*"Hear the thunder of our chorus, Alma Mater - Hail.*

*"All thy sons are faithful to thee, Through their college days,*

*"Singing loud from hearts that love thee, Alma Mater's praise.*

*"Iron-shod or golden-sandaled, Shall the years go by,*

*"Yet our hearts shall weave about thee, Love that cannot die.*

*"God, our Father, hear our voices, Listen to our cry;*

*"Bless the college of our fathers, Let her never die."*

Karla Kraynak Bruno loves the college so much that she graduated from W&M twice, once in 1981 and again in 1992.

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